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# ERIN GO BRAGH.

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Air : — YE BANKS AND BRAES.

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Ye sons of Hibernia, howe'er low in station,  
Or where'er you be come attend to my call,  
Resist all attempts, and unshackle your nation,  
Old Ireland, I mean, or, alas ! she must fall ;  
With burdens so great, and her liberty sinking,  
Its beauty nigh gone—on destruction it's brinking,  
Then on my brave boys, don't let's stand idly thinking,  
While Ireland's our country, dear Erin go bragh.

Oh ! Erin, my country, once happy and free,  
With pleasure I stood on thy once native shore,  
But, alas ! cruel fortune has turned foe to thee,  
Oh ! Erin mavourneen ! thy case I deplore.  
Bound down by a shackle that's linked to a snare,  
By foes base and keen, who have filled thee with care,  
Then on, my brave boys, we'll show we play fair,  
For Ireland's our country, dear Erin go bragh.

Oh ! England ! your taunts and your censures give o'er  
And spite not that country that's equal to you,  
But join hand in hand each day and each hour,  
With Scotland, our friends—all to each other true.  
United by friendship, we'll join in a band,  
Determined to fight for our kings, laws, and land ;  
Then on, my brave boys, don't let us here stand,  
While Ireland's our country, dear Erin go bragh

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